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Genesis

CELEBRATING THE GOOD LIFE • **MAY \$3.25**

**SEXERCISE
GET HARD
AT HOME**

**EDDIE MURPHY
"YO' MOMMA . . ."**

**FRIENDS & LOVERS
THE NUDE
NEXT DOOR**

**BELLAMY BROS.
REDNECK
HEROES**

**CAR WARS II—
MUSCLE IS
BACK**

**1984 OLYMPICS
MASSACRE IN
THE MAKING**



**X-RATED
TWO
WINNERS**

DOLLY PARTON'S BRA SIZE 05

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Genesis

CELEBRATING THE GOOD LIFE

MAY, 1984

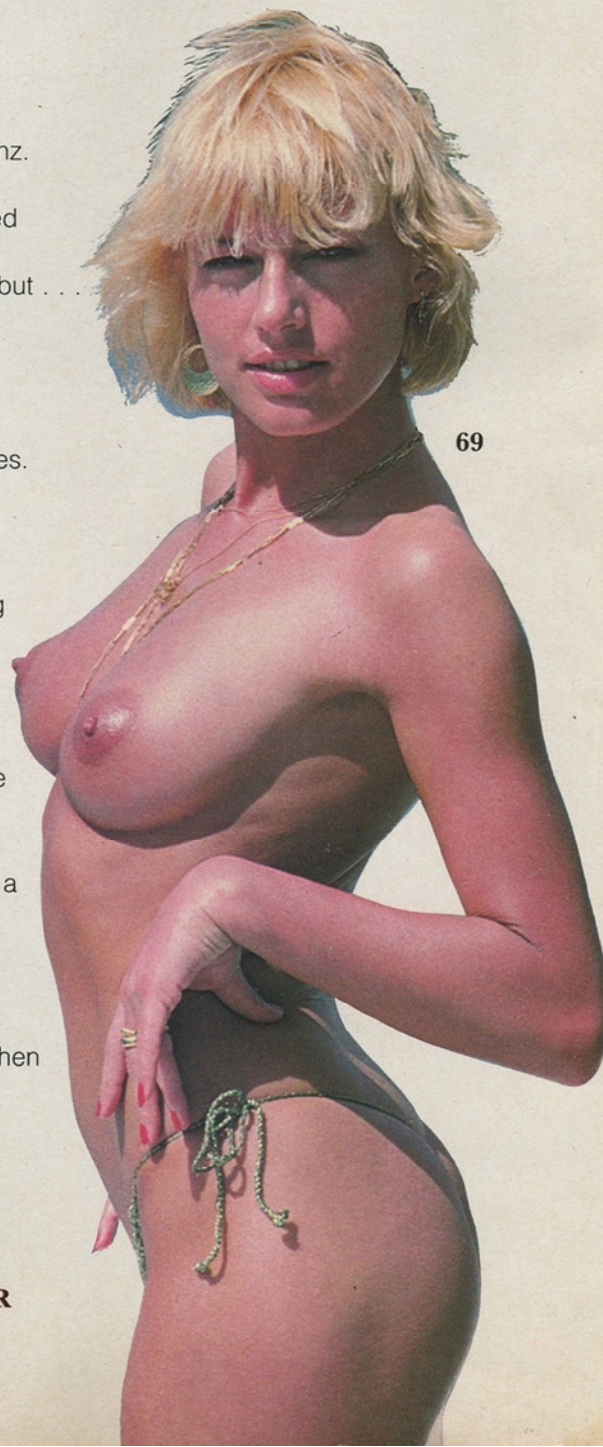


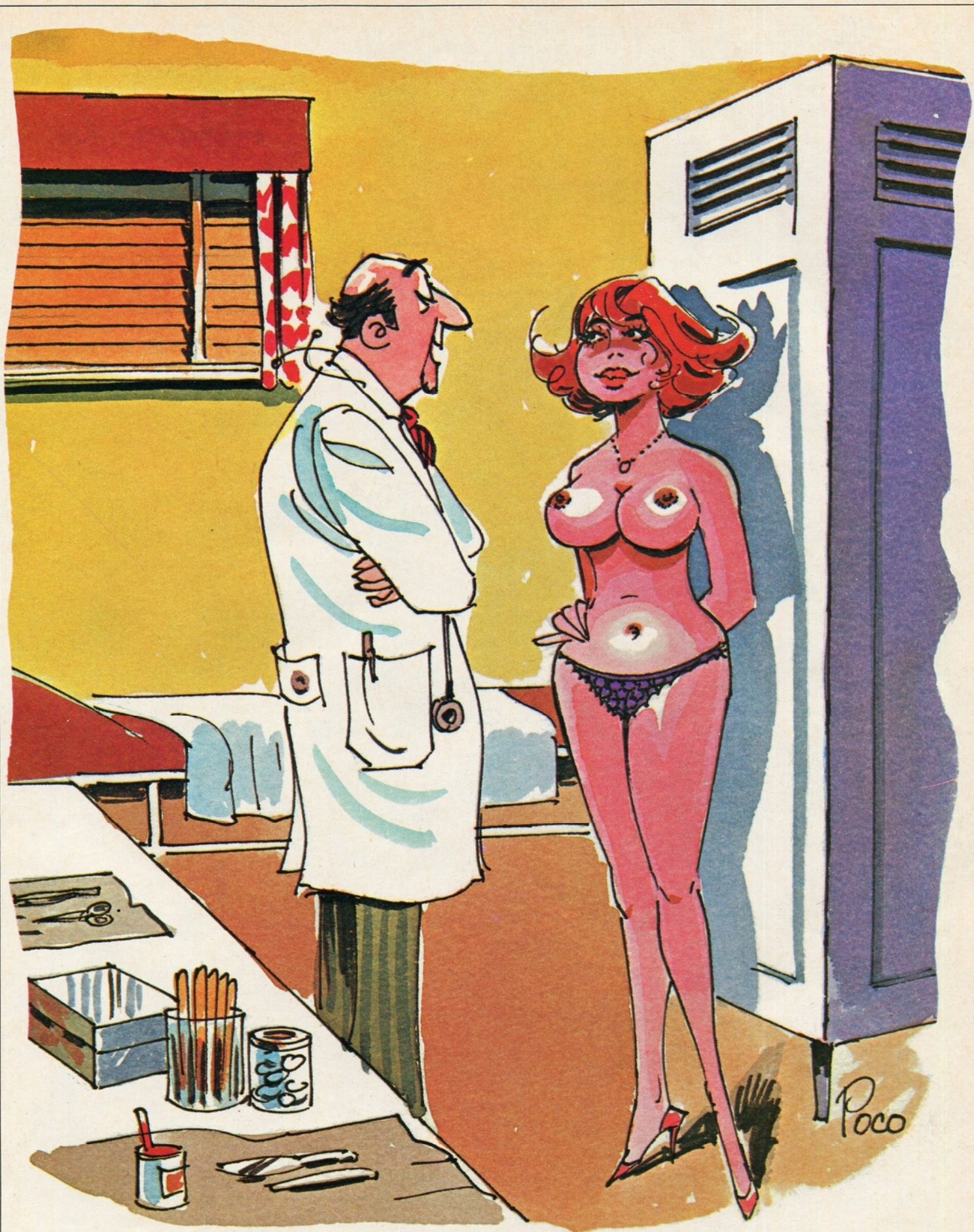
The woman with an active sexual imagination will keep a guy active—and happy—in bed. . . . Tess dislikes the colder climes, loves the tropics. And she has her own method of keeping her environment warm. . . . You don't have to sign up with a high-priced health club to get in shape. The right equipment can do the job for you at home.

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- 18 DOUBLE UP** New tape cassette. Takes two tapes. Has high-speed dubbing, skip search.
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Photography: *Stephen Hicks*





"I'm afraid I can't cure your seven-year itch, Miss Cook,
but I can come over to your place from time to time
and help you scratch it."



RHEA

Rhea considers herself to be just about the luckiest girl in the world. She's beautiful, medium rich, and lives on her very own island. "I was my grandfather's favorite grandchild, and when he died many years ago, he left me lots of money and this island paradise, as I call it." We promised Rhea that we wouldn't divulge the location of her "island paradise," since she places great value on her privacy and doesn't want her island to be "invaded" by guys like yourself who are already overcome with her beauty. "I love solitude, and when I'm here I can do anything I want to do: skinny-dip, spend the entire day on the beach, nude, free."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN ROUGERON

But solitude isn't a way of life with Rhea. She enjoys company—of the invited kind, of course. "Very special men are what I like on my island. I go to the mainland in my cabin cruiser now and then and spend some time looking for an appealing man." Naturally, we asked Rhea about her taste in men.









"Well, I'm just a teensy bit spoiled, so my men have to be . . . flexible and do what I want, when I want them to do it. And they have to be as uninhibited as I am and not mind going naked all the time, skinny-dipping and sunbathing and having a nonstop good time."



Included in Rhea's "nonstop good time" is, as you might have guessed by now, lovemaking. "Anytime, anyplace I want to: in any room of my house, on the beach, in the water, or under the tropic moon."









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GIRLS?
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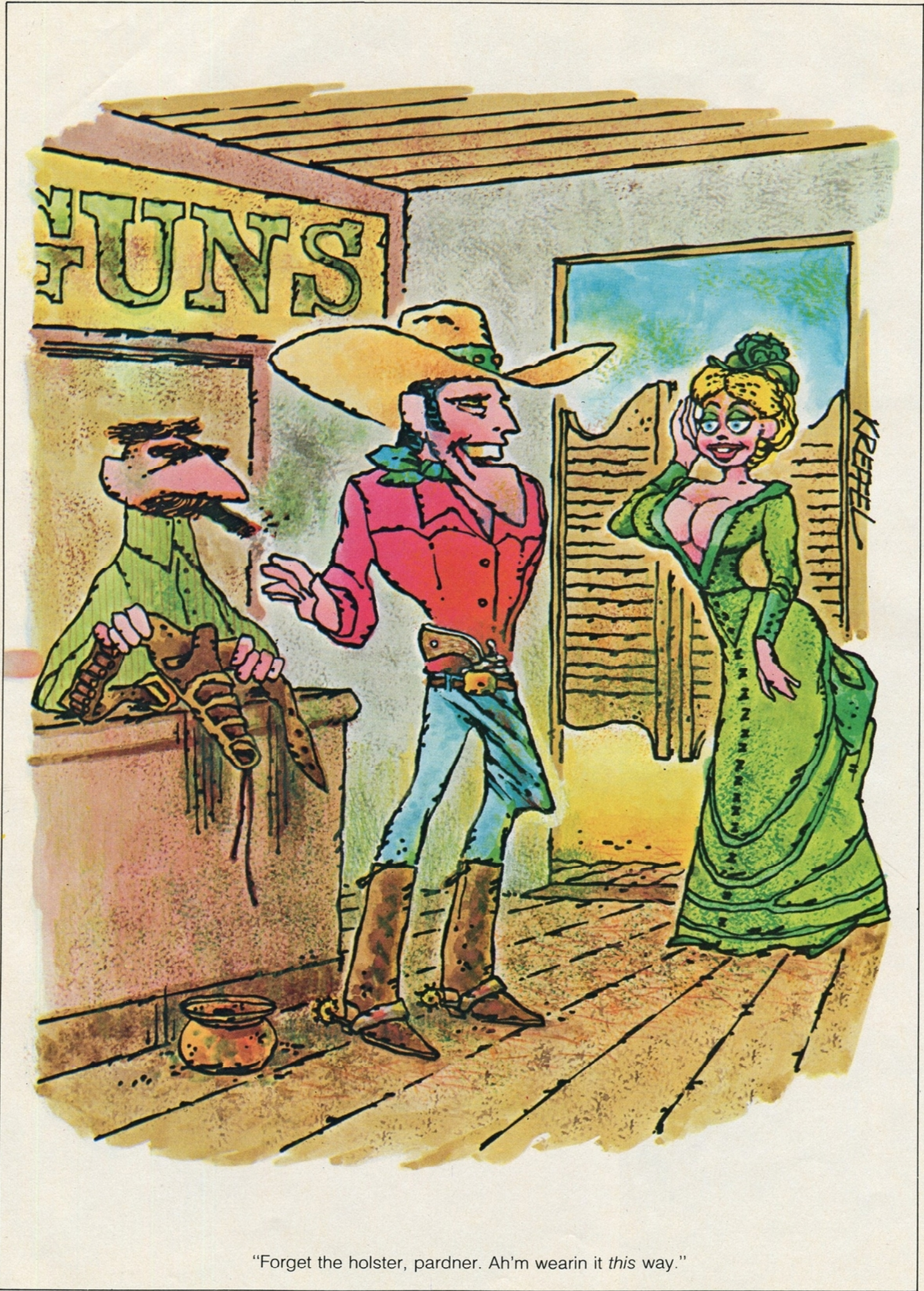
HURRY! I need the new June, 1984, GIRLS / GIRLS right away, and my newsstand is all sold out. Send me ____ copies (\$3.50 plus \$1 for postage and handling each. In Canada, add 25 cents per copy.) I have enclosed \$_____.

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G-54



"Forget the holster, pardner. Ah'm wearin it *this* way."



guide to erotic photography



you can shoot
centerfold nudes

When shooting nudes for your own enjoyment, remember that your model will probably be your toughest critic. One way to increase her appreciation of your work and have her come back again to pose is to include a portrait that is glamorous. The first picture of our centerfold layout (*opposite page*) emphasizes Marci's beautiful eyes and ripe mouth. Before taking such a shot, check your model's makeup carefully to make sure that nothing detracts from her appearance. To improve the portrait, our photographer used the white headboard to frame Marci's face and focus the viewer's attention on her eyes and mouth. This clever use of the grillwork demonstrates how even a distracting object can be used to the photographer's advantage. The photograph also demonstrates how glamorous a diffused or soft-focus image can be. A variety of lenses and filters are available to create such diffusion or soft-focus images, or you can stretch a nylon stocking over your lens to produce such diffusion. For Marci's portrait, our photographer used an 85mm

(continued on page 60)



MARCI

We ran into gorgeous Marci while buying some lingerie for a photography session that we were doing in the Southwest. But, she wasn't at work the following day when we stopped by to ask *her* to model for our next centerfold, but we did find out from her co-workers that she is known as "Mysterious Marci." When we finally caught up with her, we asked her why? "Well," Marci laughed, "I guess it's because I have a tendency to disappear and not tell anybody—friends or employees—where I'm going. But then, I'm the manager here, so I can get away with that. Besides, as the old blues number goes, 'Ain't nobody's business if I do.' "

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



Where does Marci go, and why? "O.K., I'll tell you. It varies, but sometimes I just want to spend the day with someone I met or had a date with the night before. Other times, I may ask a customer to meet me for a drink, and if I'm in the mood, I follow it through to its logical conclusion. I have a lot of freedom here, and I love it, so I take full advantage of my position. And you'd be surprised at what good-looking customers I have."





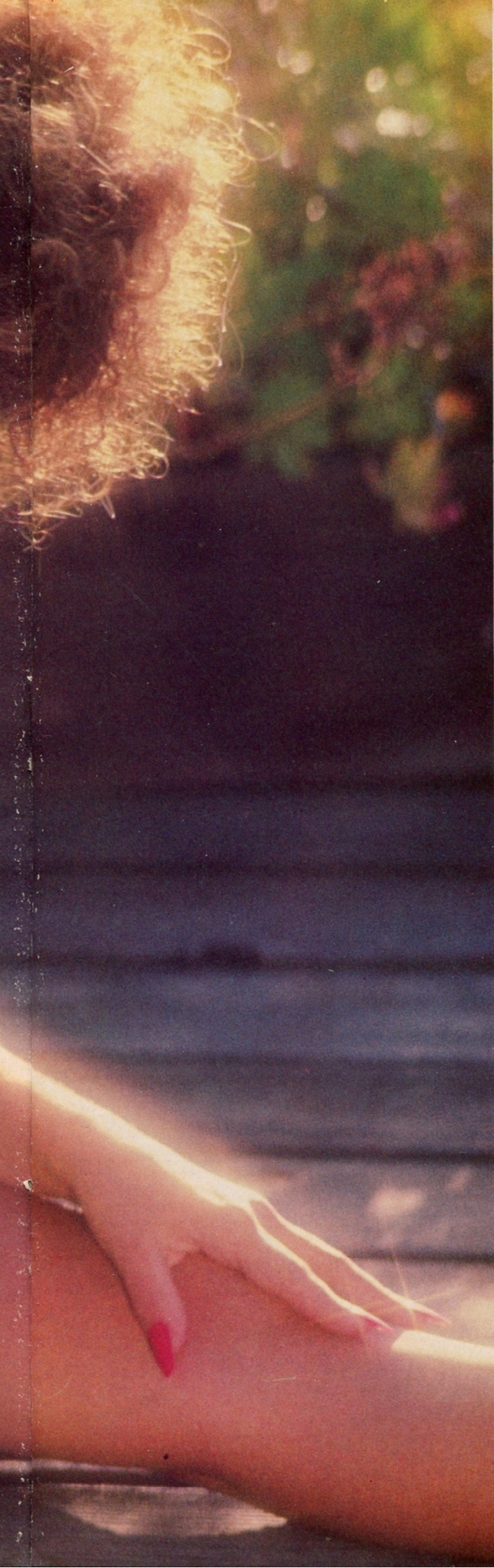


What kind of customers does Marci pick up in her boutique? "All right, you guys, don't get me wrong about this. I'm talking about the male shoppers here. There's something about a guy shopping for sexy clothes that's appealing."



"Even the most macho guys seem to get so vulnerable and clumsy in this situation. It's really very endearing, and often very funny. You should see some of these guys describing their ladies to me when they don't know the right size—hilarious."





"So, if I see a guy come in here,
and he looks like someone I'd like to
meet, I go over to him and give him my personal
attention. The situation itself is very intimate. You
know, here's a guy looking at and touching all this
soft, sensual clothing and trying to imagine
what his woman will look like in it."





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"This is the first time I've had a root-canal job.
Do you think my cavity will need more work?"

GENESIS

FOR MEN

FEBRUARY • \$1.25



TWO CENTERFOLDS
ROD GILBERT
INTERVIEWED
MISTRESS PAMELA STAR
ANN MICHELLE UNCOVERED
AN ENGLISH ORGY VISITED
SNOW COUNTRY DISCOVERED
THE LADIES PHOTOGRAPHED
MADAMS OF THE OLD WEST
RECALLED
THE MOODY BLUES PROFILED



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ANNIKA





Annika Salomonsson has seen all the capital cities of Europe. She is a photographer's model and she goes wherever the job takes her. A Swedish girl herself, Annika especially likes Paris. "Paris has an excitement that just spreads warmth through your body," she smiles. Twenty-year-old Annika hopes to see Rome soon. "Thinking of Rome makes me a bit timid," she says, "all that history must make one feel insignificant." Can you imagine anything making Annika insignificant?

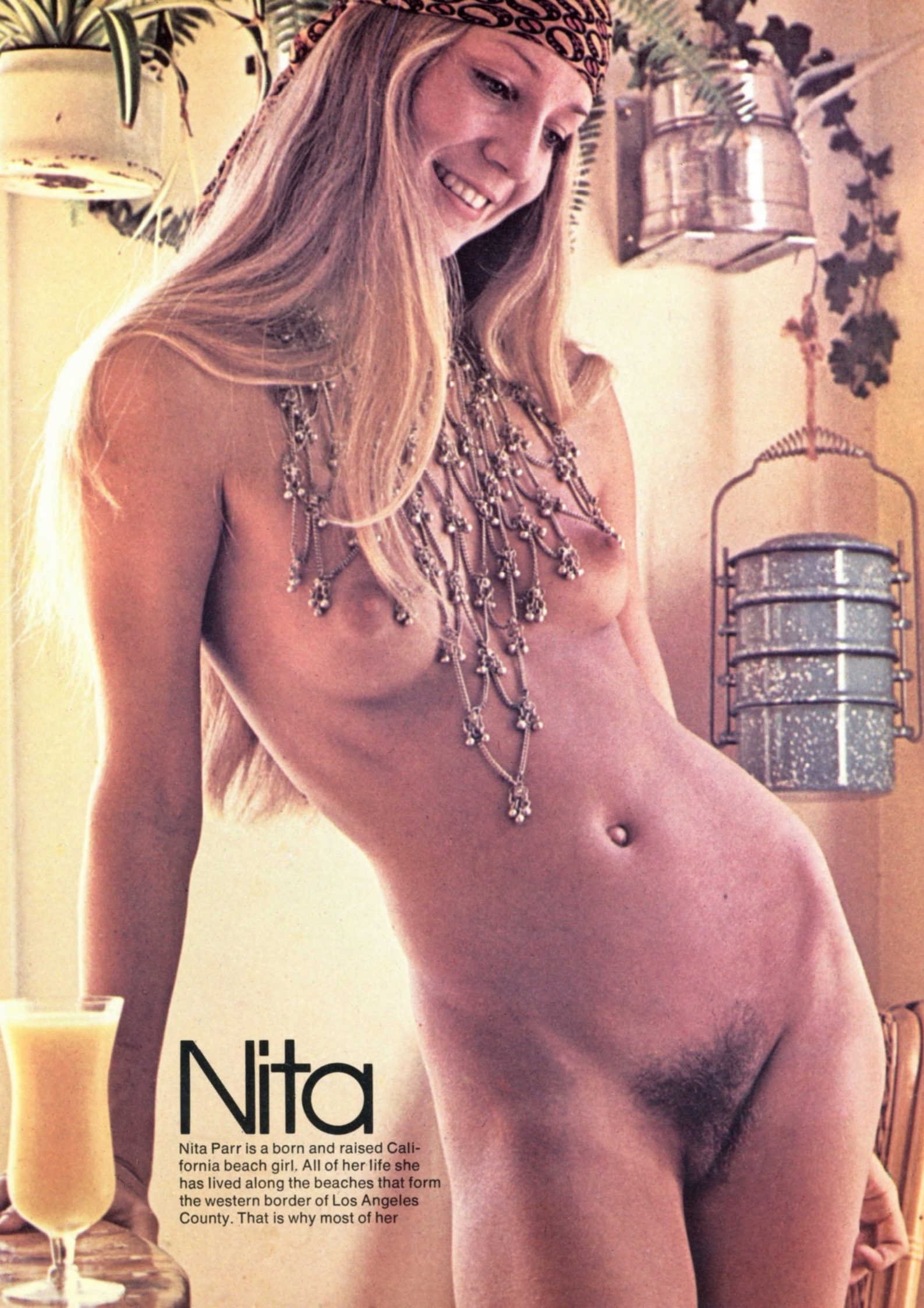


Having been so many poses and so many people before the camera, Annika likes to use those poses in her everyday life. "I can be either a shy little orphan or a haughty society girl, depending on the person I'm with. It's rather fun to see what different men want to make of you." She sets aside two mornings a week for meditation and contemplation of her life. "After all, I don't want to lose my own identity completely." What would you like Annika to be?





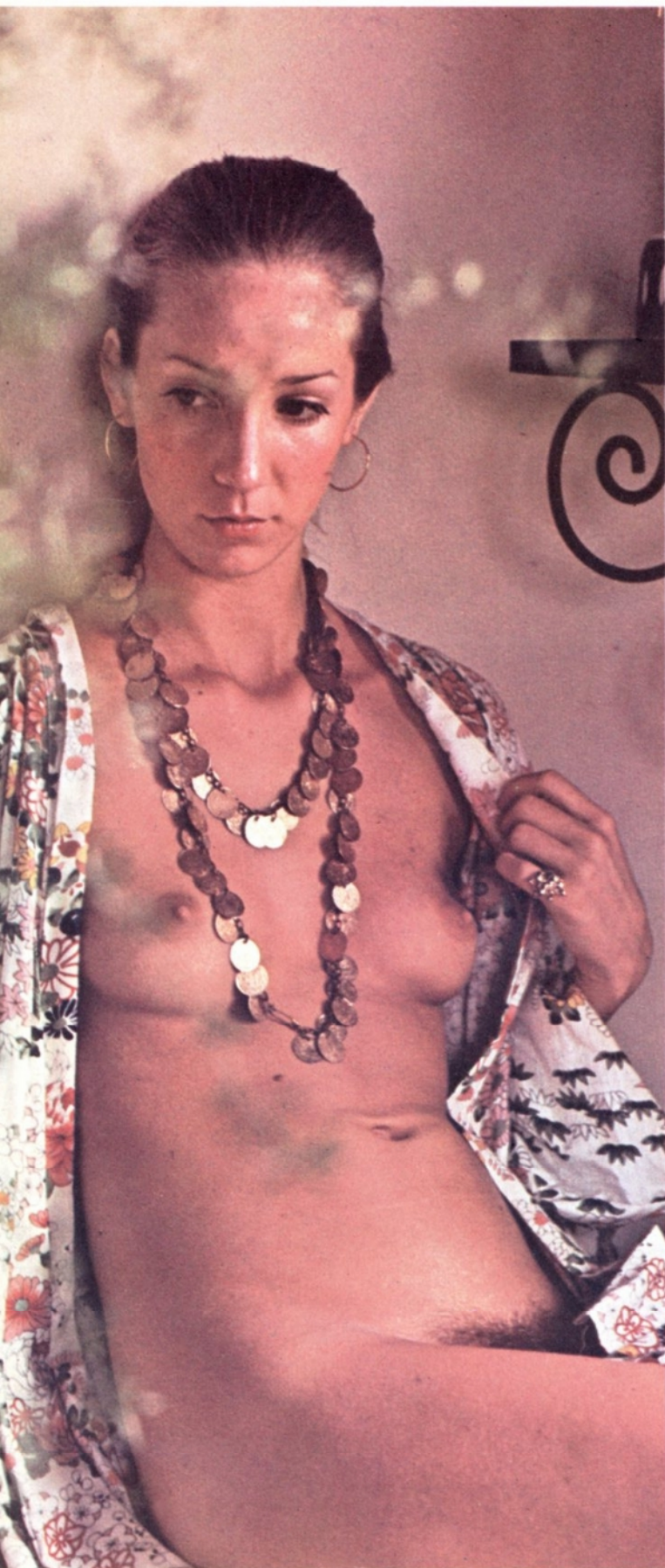




Nita

Nita Parr is a born and raised California beach girl. All of her life she has lived along the beaches that form the western border of Los Angeles County. That is why most of her





thoughts are formed in terms of the sun and the sea. That is why under the golden brown skin of her long legs are the supple muscles of the swimmer and why her derriere is so small and taut, her belly so flat and her shoulders so strong. Try playing a couple of

games of two-man volleyball in the sand with her and you will understand. And of course, it is the sun that makes all that long hair falling down over her shoulders streaked with yellow.

Nita has been dashing through her short life. By the age of seventeen







she had already completed high school and one year of college. Since then, to support herself, Nita has had three different jobs. But now, at eighteen, Nita wants more than a nine-to-five life. She is preparing her portfolio so that she will be prepared to step into the world of theater and modeling. This will be Nita's only nude appearance and she hopes that it will help catapult her into the whole world outside L.A. county.

So contemplate Nita Parr. She is young, intelligent and anxious. She fully appreciates that now is the season of her youth and beauty and she intends to derive as much joy from it as life will allow.

INGA·BRITT



Inga-Britt Wendel has a collection of records from as many countries of the world as she has been able to gather. The collection is Inga-Britt's substitute for travel, for she has never been outside the Stockholm city limits.







When twenty-year-old Inga-Britt can get time away from her job as a telephone operator she works as a model. In fact, she would like to be a full time fashion model. She would also like to see the outside Stockholm. We think she will. We know the outside world would like to see Inga-Britt.

This introspective young lady uses the time spent listening to her music to make scrapbooks and picture stories of her life and of the world as she sees it through the music.





friends & lovers

AMATEUR EROTIC PHOTO CONTEST
OVER \$30,000 IN CASH AND PRIZES!



KRISTI R.

20, salesgirl
Santa Barbara, California
Photographed by a friend

A luscious beach bunny from California, Kristi knows just how to bring out the glamour that her state is also famous for. She says, "My boyfriend is the only one who really turns me on," but she'll soon be turning on more guys than just her boyfriend. Turn the page and see.



LEE S.

29, waitress
Wenatchee, Washington
Photographed by her friend, John

Lee really enjoys her work and says it gives her lots of opportunities "to make new friends, especially men." Drawn to gentle, romantic guys who are "active, whether it's sex or sports," Lee describes her first nude modeling experience as "very exciting." For us, too, Lee.

Share the charms of your favorite lady with us. Each entrant whose picture is published in the monthly "Friends & Lovers" section receives \$50, plus a chance to win \$750 as a monthly winner and the \$5,000 Grand Prize. We'll accept any type of photograph, but please send slides for the best quality of reproduction. See contest rules and entry blank on page 106



KIM L.

24, nurse

Tualatin, Oregon

Photographed by her friend, Gary

Beautiful Kim likes her men tall, dark, and funny. An Aquarian, this water baby loves outdoor sports like hiking and skiing.

And while she intends to pursue modeling, she'll still "continue my career as a nurse." We definitely feel a fever coming on.



DEBORAH D.

22, gym instructor

Granite City, Illinois

Photographed by her husband, W.E.

Motherhood didn't hurt Deborah's shape at all, but she's working out regularly at her bodybuilding just the same, because "one day I would like to be the best in the world."

She admits to "expensive tastes," but is perfectly happy just cruising around on her motorcycle. We don't know about you, but our mom was never like this.



SUSAN S.

33, housewife

Flushing, New York

Photographed by her husband, Larry

Happily married for twelve years, Susan says they've done this by having "diversions," such as the time she got tattooed ("a rose just above my beaver and a butterfly on my rear") and a fantasy of her husband's ("seeing me do it with another man") which she intends to fulfill real soon.



TWILA W.

26, mother

Union City, Tennessee

Photographed by her sister, Corinne

Twila, who has either a B-17 bomber or a chickadee tattooed on her left breast, hopes for a career in modeling. She's kind of an outdoor girl, but once she gets back into the house she wants a man who "can please me more than once a night."





MARLYN A.

27, registered nurse
Encinitas, California

Photographed by her friend, Steve

This spectacular strawberry blonde measures 37-24-35½, and while some credit goes to her hard work with weights for the last eight years, Mother Nature did the rest. Marlyn says, "I like to think my smile helps my patients to get well." We like to think her whole package is what does it.



LOIS D.

36, student
Santa Rosa, California
Photographed by her friend, Bill

If this redheaded fox looks familiar, she should. Lois graced these pages in June, 1983, and is back looking a year younger. A lovely 36-24-36, this five-foot-three bombshell is also a volunteer nurse and a Girl Scout leader. We'd love to try her cookies.

friends & lovers

"FRIENDS & LOVERS" MONTHLY WINNER



KRISTI ROSS

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

As the song says, after April come "the flowers that bloom in May." That's Kristi, all right—a blooming flower just beginning to open up and let the nectar flow. A petite five foot three and 105 pounds, this blond honey with the 34-22-34 frame is game for whatever riches life has to offer. "I won't always be a salesgirl," she told us. "I'd like to be a model someday." We reminded her that, by winning this month's "Friends & Lovers" contest, someday was now. "So it is," she laughed, "but I'd also like to model some *clothes* someday. Or maybe I'll be an executive secretary." We assured her that there would always be a market for a girl who takes dictation at 150 words per minute while looking spectacular both in and out of her clothes. Even if she can't spell worth a damn.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



But inasmuch as the goal of nude modeling was happening right now, we asked Kristi how she liked it. "I love modeling nude for my boyfriend," she said. "To me, the perfect evening would be a seafood dinner and some white wine. After a walk on the beach, we'd go home and get into the hot tub. Then I'd put on my garter belt and stockings and bring out the camera for some fun." So, we asked, posing is fun?. "Only for my boyfriend," she said. "I meant sex. Sex is fun." (Kristi was beginning to warm to the subject—and so were we.)







"Like, there was the time I shaved my pussy and let my boyfriend's friend lick it. It was my boyfriend's idea, but his friend liked it better than he did, so I let the hair grow back." Oh, we said, getting warmer and warmer. "I really consider sex to be my main hobby," she said. "Know what I mean?" We could imagine. We excused ourselves. When we returned, relieved, we asked Kristi what she was thinking about. "Having sex with my boyfriend and a beautiful girl. Where were you?" she asked. Thinking about the same thing, we told her—but we left your boyfriend out.









Kristi Ross

"FRIENDS & LOVERS" MONTHLY WINNER

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Kruti Ross

"FRIENDS & LOVERS" MONTHLY WINNER



WILLA

Willa says that, unlike many young women today, she is strictly an indoor girl. "No outdoor sports for me—skiing, mountain climbing, shooting the rapids, marathons. I don't even go to the beach very often. No way I'll get sunburned. Allow my lovely, delicate skin to get all dried up and scaly?—never." So, what does Willa do in her off-hours, when she isn't hard at work running the little fashion boutique she and a friend own in New York's SoHo? "I entertain at home a lot, and, of course, I go out on dates. But I choose men who aren't jocks; I like quiet, indoor types. They save their energy for the bedroom instead of wasting it on sports."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN COPELAND





But surely, if Willa met some jock
she was really attracted to . . .
"Well, if he was an absolutely
gorgeous hunk, I'd be interested.
But still—no outdoor sports, and
that includes making love in places
like tents, in rubber rafts rushing
down the rapids, and woods where
there might be crawly things."







We asked Willa how she stays in such obviously fine shape. "I exercise at home; I do calisthenics. But I guess they call it 'aerobic dancing' these days. That's what I do for conditioning."



After we commented that her exercise regimen had shown good results, Willa said: "I enjoy it. I strip naked and do jumping jacks, push-ups, sit-ups, deep knee bends, and all."

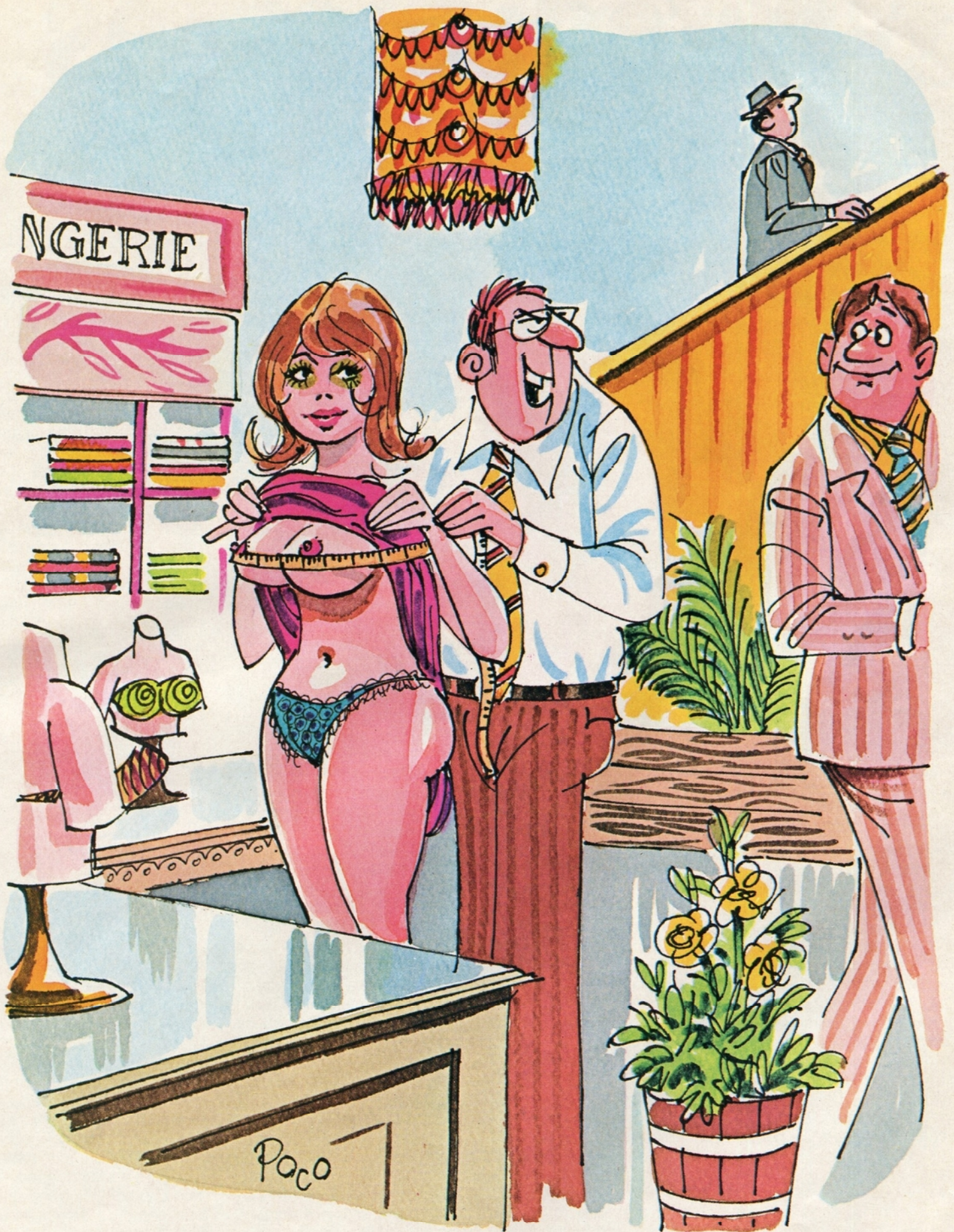
Willa stopped then, and smiled a secret sort of smile. "My exercise routine has another effect, too. It makes me feel really raunchy. And after a hot shower and then a cool shower—well, I like nothing better than an energetic guy."





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down the rapids, and woods where
there might be crawly things."





"It's days like this that make my job seem worthwhile."

*Home Exercise
Equipment*

GETTING HARD

*You don't need to join an expensive
health club to get in shape.*

*You can get fit right at home with
simple, easy-to-use exercise equipment.*

With summer just around the corner, you're probably thinking seriously about getting in shape: whittling down that beer gut and tightening up that chest. You may also be in a position that makes joining a fancy health club impractical. Maybe the nearest one is too far away from home and work—or is just too damn high-priced to fit into your budget.

Fortunately, you don't need a health club to get in shape. In fact, a superb exercise program can be started at home with little or no equipment.

If your home workout routine starts to get a little dull, and you'd like to add a little variation, you could invest in one or more of the following pieces of home exercise equipment.

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY
EDWARD RASEN



**AVITA 950
ROWING MACHINE**




HIGH-TECH CYCLE



Steven Douglas, of High-Tech Fitness, in Los Angeles, recommends a rowing machine as the best piece of equipment to exercise the entire body, rather than one muscle group. Moreover, it allows you the option to tone and condition muscles or to increase muscle size. The Avita 950 Professional Rowing Machine has gas-filled shocks, rather than air-filled; a timer; and a strong, light frame manufactured in the United States. It is not as well known as the Tunturi, but it is an excellent machine. The Avita 950 retails at around \$350.

Exercise bicycles are usually the first piece of equipment most people buy for the home or office. The High-Tech cycle (about \$250), made in Germany, is one of the best of the portable models. It is both lightweight and sturdy. A cycle pri-

A woman with voluminous, curly brown hair is shown from the back, looking over her right shoulder. She is holding a yellow, cylindrical exercise device with both hands. The device has some text on it, including "MADE IN GERMANY" and "500-50". She is wearing a blue strap around her waist. The background is dark and out of focus.

exercising, which basically is a combination of toning and resistance exercise movements. Obviously, it is very portable, versatile, and much easier to use than weights. Maxi-Power retails for approximately \$30.

AMF Heavyhands not only improve arm and wrist strength, but tone the entire upper body. They are available in weights ranging from 1 to 10 pounds and can be used while riding a cycle, running, walking, or performing aerobic exercises. A pair of one-pound weights costs around \$20.

Some people find that they are more comfortable with traditional dumbbells, which are now readily available in both chrome and gold anodized models. This three-pound set sells for around \$35.

Finally, Mr. Douglas recommends that "you buy what you like and will use," rather than what you think you need. A \$5,000 chrome machine will not necessarily get you in better shape than someone who swings a pair of Heavyhands while riding a cycle. Try equipment that you can incorporate into your lifestyle. Remember, some exercise is better than no exercise; however, consistency is the key.

MAXI-POWER ROD

HEAVYHANDS



CHROME DUMBBELLS



All equipment available from
High-Tech Fitness, 617 North La

Home Exercise
Equipment

GETTING HARD

You don't need to join an expensive health club to get in shape.

You can get fit right at home with simple, easy-to-use exercise equipment.

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MAXI-POWER ROD

HEAVYHANDS



CHROME DUMBBELLS



All equipment available from
High-Tech Fitness, 617 North La
Cienega Boulevard, Los Angeles,
CA 90069. (213) 854-7744. Exercise



"Forget the holster, pardner. Ah'm wearin it *this* way."

sexstyles

YOUNGER WOMEN

Charlie was lonely, wasting time, horny, and ready to quit. Then Sheila shook him up with a bang, and he's back on the old track for good.

Charlie

The bottom line is, I was lonely.

For ten years I'd been busting my ass working to ensure that my wife and I had enough money to have a ball. Well, I made the money, and was looking forward to spending it until the car crash that killed her.

I mourned for a good year and a half; did a lot of drinking, avoided friends and members of my family. Then, suddenly, like a ton of bricks, it hit me: I was wasting the rest of my damn life this way, and that was something she wouldn't have wanted me to do. If I had been the one to die, I sure wouldn't want her sitting around the house, watching television and getting fat from junk food.

So I decided to get back into the swing of things. The problem was that, at the age of thirty-four, I didn't really know where the swing of things was anymore. Friends—mainly couples my age—would try to hook me up with single women they knew, but the situations just didn't work out. Some of the sex was terrific, though. One divorcée, about thirty-two, named Beverly, asked me up to her apartment one evening after dinner and drinks at a Japanese restaurant in town. I suspected she was horny, but I had no idea how far she was really interested in going. At thirty-four, my body was still in good shape, but I didn't think I could go all night long the way I'd been able to when I was twenty.

Beverly sat me down on the couch, poured a drink, and thanked me for the meal. She was what you would call a sexy woman—not stunning, but her body was better than most. She had a great ass, good legs, and her breasts, though small in comparison to the rest of her figure, had big luscious nipples. It didn't matter much to me, however, considering the way she was running her hand up and down my leg.

"I think you should know," she began, "that it has been two



years since I've been with a man who has turned me on as much as you do. Just the tone of your voice sends shivers up and down my spine. I want you very much, and I want you to want me. Anything you want, Charlie, is okay by me."

I took her in my arms and began to kiss her. To my surprise, she backed away, and stood up in front of me.

"I'm a grown woman, Charlie," she said. "I don't want to sound cold, but I don't need, or even want, a romantic setting to get turned on." With that, she unbuttoned her blouse and undid the hook of her bra. Once she had them off, she tore off her skirt and panties, and threw them to the other side of the room.

I couldn't stop looking at her. Her eyes blazed with desire, and her mouth was open with the horniest "give me all you've got" look I have ever seen.

After ten years of marriage, I was not exactly accustomed to the zipless fuck. My pecker didn't seem to mind, however. It was bulging against my pants, and she was well aware of how turned on I was getting.

"Take off your pants, Charlie," she said. "I want your thick, long cock in my mouth."

I slid out of my pants, and she sank to her knees in front of me. My boner was slapping up and down against my leg.

"Rather anxious, aren't we?" Beverly chuckled in a voice that made me worry for a moment that she wasn't going to go through with it. Forget it. She took my prick in her hands and began to lick the underside with her long, wet tongue. I sank onto the couch and reveled in the ecstasy of her warm, wet mouth. She rubbed my cock against her cheeks, smiling the whole time. I cupped her tits in my hands and squeezed them tightly. Her nipples were hard with lust, and I couldn't wait to get into her.

"Charlie, baby," she cooed, "You taste so fucking good. Do

She unhooked her bra, tore off her shirt and panties, and threw them across the room.

you want to come now? Do you want to come in my mouth? Or all over me? Tell me what do you want me to do, Charlie." The one thing I knew I did not want her to do was to stop jerking me off. She was pumping my prick furiously, and couldn't take her eyes off my cock. I felt my orgasm approaching, and almost went out of my mind trying to decide where to put my ejaculation. I grabbed her hair and pulled her head towards me. When it was about a half-inch away, she opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue so that it lightly brushed against the tip of my prick.

Wham! I let loose a thick wad of semen that landed right on the side of her cheek.

"Oh, yes!" she groaned, milking my cock with both hands. "Let me have it all, Charlie! Come all over me!"

My come wouldn't stop pouring out of my cock. I hadn't ejaculated in so long that I was loaded. She rubbed my semen



all over her face and neck and massaged it between her breasts. I hunched over, exhausted and happy, and began to fondle her back.

She stood up suddenly and said, "I'm sorry, Charlie, but it's time for me to hit the sack. Give me a call next week and we'll have dinner in a little French spot I know downtown. Okay?"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. She walked around the room, picking up her clothing, and then headed towards her bedroom. From the doorway I heard her say, "Just close the door on your way out, okay?" I thought for a minute that the whole thing was some sort of weird joke. I continued to sit on the couch, waiting for her to come back, but after ten minutes she still hadn't reappeared. I walked towards her bedroom and peered in. There she was, on a huge brass bed, stark naked, curled up in the fetal position, sleeping soundly. Despite the fact that it had been a wonderful blow-job, I decided it was too weird for me.

I tried a few other women, close to my age, but I found it difficult to get turned on by them. I even thought my sex drive

was beginning to ebb to an all-time low. As a Christmas gift, a poker buddy of mine bought me a bunch of X-rated tapes for my VCR, but I hardly watched them. The thought of staring at big-titted nymphets getting their orifices stuffed by young studs seemed to me a torturous way of spending an evening.

It got to the point where I decided to say fuck it and go fishing. I packed as much gear as I could load into my camper and headed for the cabin I owned in the mountains.

My wife and I had spent a lot of time there during the summers. Most of the neighbors were farmers. The Grants, for example, lived across the road, and I had watched their six kids grow. The last time I had seen them they were a loud, friendly brood. And now, they were just the type of people I wanted nearby.

My first day fishing was disappointing. The second day was another matter. I caught three big trout and planned a quiet dinner by myself. As I was cleaning the fish back at the cabin, I saw this beautiful young girl walking down the road toward me. I didn't know who she was, but she was tall, had great tits, and a pair of long legs that looked perfect in designer jeans. Her shiny hair was parted in the middle, and she looked like a fashion magazine model, like an ad for Ralph Lauren clothing.

I opened the front door, looking to see if there was a car parked anywhere. I thought perhaps she'd run out of gas down the road and needed to use my phone.

"Can I help you?" I asked as she approached the door.

"Hi," she replied with a smile and in a voice that caused a stir in my Jockey shorts. "My parents just wanted to know if you were free for dinner. It's been a long time since they've seen you."

"I'm sorry," I stammered, genuinely confused. "Do we know each other?"

Surprised by my inability to recognize her, she smiled. "I guess it sure has been a long time," she said. "I'm Sheila—Sheila Grant."

I thought she was putting me on. The last time I had seen Sheila, she must have been all of sixteen years old—a short, dumpy kid with bad skin and a fear of gym class. But standing in front of me now, she was beautiful. Her face absolutely glowed, and as she moved about the cabin, not just a bit nervous, I felt my desire for her bulging in my jeans.

She came to ask me to her parents' house for dinner, but I had other things on my mind.

"Thanks," I said, "but I've already started a meal for myself. There's plenty here for two. Why don't you join me?"

Her quick acceptance was more than a pleasant surprise. I poured us both a glass of wine and went back to cleaning the fish.

I don't remember what we talked about over dinner. I do remember my inability to keep my eyes off her, and she was aware of and amused by my problem. After we finished and cleaned off the table together, she wrapped her arms around me and looked into my eyes. I took her face into my hands, and without saying a word, planted a long kiss on her lips. Her tongue was in my mouth in a flash, and I could feel the heat in her pussy as it ground into my bulging dick.

Sheila

I couldn't believe that Charlie didn't recognize me. It had been a couple of years since I'd seen him, but I didn't realize how much my appearance had changed. I suspect that I'd simply decided to block out most of my teen years. For one thing, I was fat until I was seventeen, and I wore thick glasses that

Her tongue was in my mouth in a flash, and I could feel the heat as she ground into me.

didn't give anyone a chance to see much of my face. Which was a blessing, I suppose, considering all the zits I'd had at the time.

We'd heard that Charlie's wife had been killed, and we thought he would have come up to the cabin sooner. But I guess he'd been very busy, or was afraid of the memories the place held for him—I don't know.

I'd always had a crush on him. When I was a kid, he used to take my brothers and sisters and me for long walks in the woods. Charlie was quite an expert on different types of plants and would point them out to us as we walked. We could never remember the names, of course, but his enthusiasm was contagious, and it was a pleasure to see a man get so involved in the simple things in life.

His attraction to me was immediate—I knew that. I also knew that he couldn't have been very happy, since he was pretty much all alone. I was self-conscious about my looks for the first time in a long time. He was attracted and attractive, and I really wasn't sure how to handle it. And I wanted to make him happy, to feel better. When he asked me to stay for dinner, I thought about what I would tell my folks. But after he put his hand on my back, just the warmth of his touch made it clear to me that I wanted to leave open all kinds of options for the rest of the night. I was so turned on that I had to go to the bathroom to dry my wet pussy.

As soon as he kissed me, I knew that I wanted him. I thrust my hips out at him, grinding my pelvis against his, and our tongues met in each other's mouths. I could feel his cock throbbing against me, and I was amazed at how big and hard it felt. I'd heard how older men took forever to get it up. But Charlie completely demolished that myth in a matter of seconds, along with any resistance I might have had.

Part of what I loved so much about our first lovemaking encounter was the fact that we hardly said a word. It was as if we'd known all along how to please each other. Charlie simply took me by the hand, led me into the bedroom, sat me on the bed, and took my clothing off.

I couldn't resist his touch. I was burning up with desire. After taking off my shirt, he squeezed and kissed my breasts, which were practically begging for his touch. I held his head in my arms, cradling him as if he were a baby. He continued to suck on my tits, nibbling gently on my nipples. I thought I'd go out of my mind with horniness!

Somehow we got out of the rest of our clothes, and I opened my legs as widely as I could for him. He ran his tongue back and forth across my swollen clit, then pursed his lips and sucked it deep into his mouth. I think the size of my clit surprised him—when I get very excited, it can really stick out.

He worked two fingers into my sopping wet cunt, and the in-and-out movement aroused me so much that I locked my legs firmly around his head.

"Don't stop!" I moaned with ecstasy. "Please don't ever stop!"

I must have come four or five times as his tongue roamed my clit and pussy. He pulled my legs up over his shoulders, lifting my buttocks and slid right into my tight ass with his tongue. No one had ever gone down on me before, and the sensations were beyond anything I had ever imagined.

Finally I had to pull his head up. I couldn't take it another moment. This wonderfully talented man deserved some of his own medicine. He got up on the bed, and I sucked as much of his hard cock as I could into my mouth. His prick seemed very long—about eight inches—and it was very thick. I had to open

my mouth wide to get it all in. I was determined to have him come in my mouth because I had heard how men like women who swallow semen.

His finger continued to probe into my ass as I sucked him. "Oh, Sheila," he said over and over again, "your mouth feels so fucking fantastic."

I ran my tongue over his testicles, lightly sucking and nibbling each one, and then moved back further with my mouth, until I could give him the same treat he had given me. I slowly licked my tongue back and forth over his hole and was surprised how easily it slid in. He squirmed with delight, breathing heavily now, and I knew his orgasm wasn't far off. I took his cock back into my mouth, and slid one finger deeply into his anus. As my finger sank home, a large burst of semen splashed against the back of my throat like a tidal wave. I swallowed as much as I could, but the overflow was unbeliev-



able. It dribbled down my chin and dripped onto my tits. He tasted both sweet and tart at the same time, a delightful treat for my tastebuds.

He sank back on the bed, drained, and I planted soft kisses on his belly.

"Unbelievable," he smiled, "Simply un-fuckin'-believable."

"I could say the same about you," I told him. "Charlie, you're over thirty. You're not supposed to be able to do half the things you've done to me, not the first time anyway. I must have come half a dozen times."

We laughed, and he licked my wet tits clean. My clit was still tingling from the assault of his tongue, but I wanted more. I wanted his thick cock deep in my cunt, so I started jerking him off, slowly at first, while I licked the still dripping head between strokes.

He looked hesitant, and a little nervous, an interesting switch I hadn't anticipated.

"After that eruption, I'm not sure you'll be able to get much more out of me," he chuckled.

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SEXSTYLES

(continued from page 81)

I can't resist a challenge. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't think I can arouse you for a second round?" I didn't waste any time. I straddled his face, so that he was staring straight at my cunt. Then I parted my wet pussy lips with my fingers, and began to rub my clit back and forth on his face. My pussy was still wet and my juice glistened on his chin.

"Take a good look," I said to him, the horniness very clear in my tone of voice. "Do you like what you see? Do you think I have a beautiful cunt? Wouldn't you like me to climb on top of your big cock and fuck you for hours? Look at me. Look at me touching myself. That feels so good, my clit is getting so hard again. Oh, Charlie, I want you to fuck me so badly. I need your cock in me."

The sights and sounds were driving him wild. I was rewarded and thrilled by the sight of his prick growing back to its erect state. I continued to stroke him until every vein on his cock bulged and he was hard as iron. Only then did I move back and sink down on it, loving the way he filled my pussy. We moved slowly at first, and I contracted the muscles of my cunt to grip him like a vise.

He shook his head back and forth,

laughing. "You sure are magnificent!"

We fucked in practically every position imaginable. He was especially turned on by doing it doggy-style. He went wild at the sight of my ass, and dug his fingers deep, spreading my ass wide. I was still so horny that I didn't want to deny him anything, so I said, "Put it in my ass. Fuck my ass, Charlie—put it in now!"

He pulled out of my cunt, lubed my hole with his tongue and eased his slippery cock into my asshole very slowly. I was afraid at first of the pain, but despite the width of his prick, the experience was totally erotic. When he came, I could feel him squirting deep inside me, and the intimacy of the act sent me over the brink. I came very rapidly, one orgasm running right on top of another. I was so totally wiped out I couldn't talk. I just wanted to stay with Charlie forever.

Charlie

By the time we were through, it was very late at night, and a wave of guilt ran over me. I told Sheila what I was feeling, and she said, "Don't. It was beautiful." I held her very tightly after that, feeling happier than I'd been in a long, long time—and then the phone rang. I jumped for it, knowing it could only be one of the Grants wondering where Sheila was.

I tried to handle the conversation calmly, but none of the right words came out of my mouth. Sheila's father was relieved to hear that she was with me, safe and sound, but my stammering must have made him suspicious of something. Sheila took the phone out of my hand and finished the conversation.

"Listen, Daddy," she began, "Charlie is depressed, he needs somebody around here to help him for a few days. It's really been a long time since he's been up here, and the place is a wreck. I'm going to stay to help him out. Don't worry, everything's fine. Okay? I'll see you guys tomorrow."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I was certain that her father would be at the door in a matter of moments, shotgun in hand. But it didn't turn out that way, and Sheila didn't stay for a couple of days. It's been six months since that wonderful, sexy night, and she's still helping me "get the cabin in shape." Her parents have accepted our relationship with an ease that amazes me, but I guess we seem so happy together that no one has the heart to rain on our parade. I feel like a kid again, and Sheila keeps me that way. Our lovemaking has lost none of the heat of that first evening, and with her help, I plan on "keeping it up" for a long, long time. □

OFFICIAL MODEL RELEASE FOR 1984 COMPETITION

HOW TO ENTER. Any photographer or model who is over 18 years of age may submit photos with the official entry form/model release. A photographer submitting photos of more than one girl must provide releases signed by each model, and each entry must be mailed separately.

Color prints or slides are acceptable. No negatives, please. Entries become the property of GENESIS and cannot be returned.

PRIZES. Every model whose picture or pictures are published will receive \$50. Her photographer will receive a year's free subscription to GENESIS. There will be monthly contest winners. Each monthly winning model will receive \$750 in cash and will be featured in a full-color pictorial layout by a professional photographer to appear in GENESIS. The talented photographer who submits the photograph of our monthly winner will receive \$250 in cash. The Grand Prize Winner will be picked from among the monthly winners, and will be announced in the July, 1984, GENESIS.

For the most talented photographer: \$1,000 in cash. For the loveliest model: \$5,000 in cash. The Grand Prize Winner will be featured in a full-color pictorial layout by a professional photographer in GENESIS.

The enclosed photograph is of my (friend) (lover) (wife)—Please circle one.

IMPORTANT: On separate paper, write 100 words or less about the model's likes, dislikes, hobbies, etc., that would be of interest to our readers.

I hereby give GENESIS magazine the absolute right and permission to copyright and/or publish, or use photographic portraits or pictures of me, in which I may be included in whole or in part, or composite or distorted in character or form, in conjunction with my own or a fictitious name, or reproductions thereof in color or otherwise, for art, advertising, trade, or any other lawful purpose whatsoever.

I hereby waive any right that I may have to inspect and/or approve the finished product or the copy that may be used in connection therewith, or the use to which it may be applied. I hereby release, discharge, and agree to save GENESIS magazine from any liability by virtue of any use in composite form, whether intentional or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the publication of said pictures. I understand that editorial copy will accompany these photos.

I CERTIFY THAT I AM OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE AND THAT I AM POSSESSED OF FULL LEGAL CAPACITY TO EXECUTE THE FOREGOING AUTHORIZATION.

Model's name (print clearly) _____

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip _____

Telephone (include area code) _____

Occupation _____ Age _____

Model's signature _____ Date signed _____

Witness _____

Photographer's name (print clearly) _____

Address _____

City _____ State & Zip _____

Telephone (include area code) _____

I, _____
Photographer's signature

hereby enter the enclosed photographs in GENESIS "Friends & Lovers" contest and consent to GENESIS's use thereof. I understand this offer is void where prohibited by law.

GENESIS MAGAZINE, 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10021

G-54

coming next month in Genesis



“FRIENDS & LOVERS” EXTRAVAGANZA

The June issue will really turn up the heat to start your summer off with a bang. By popular request, we're adding twelve extra pages to this month's "Friends & Lovers" section, with six more gorgeous girls—and they're all winners. We're not going to leave out our regular selection of horny GENESIS women, either. This issue is chock-full of the best in erotic photography. Don't miss it.

ALCOHOLISM: FACT AND FICTION

Alcoholism costs you, the American taxpayer, bundles of your hard-earned cash each year. Where does that money go, and who profits from it? Is alcoholism a disease or a money-making myth? Find out in this controversial report.

SURPRISE SEX

When a hot-to-trot woman comes at you from out of the clear blue sky and begs to get into your pants in an unlikely place, we hope you'll oblige. Our sex expert tells you why you shouldn't pass up these tingling surprises that are, or can be, the best of the best when it comes to sex.

EIGHTIES LADIES

Today's women are hotter than ever, and a lot different from their sisters of the sixties and seventies. We'll tell you what they want, and how you can get from them what *you* want, in this revealing look at the women of the eighties.

PLUS

More Girls Than Ever Before . . . An Inside Interview with America's Funnyman, Chevy Chase . . . "Hot Flashes" . . . Off the Track and into the Streets with the Hottest Cars Around . . . X-Rated Guide . . . Baseball Predictions . . . How to Win Big by Shooting Nudes . . . and much, much more!

It's all in the JUNE **Genesis**
On your newsstand April 19